

OUR NEW TERRITORY

The Island of Hawaii—Its History and Its People.

PRODUCTS AND RESOURCES

Americans in the Minority But They Rule the Country.

Our New Fellow-Citizens.

(William Elliot Griffis.)

Our new possessions lie nearly midway between Cuba and the Philippines, both as to latitude and longitude. In area they are about the size of Connecticut and Delaware combined.

Although Spaniards first discovered Hawaii, and some were even wrecked upon its shores, mingling by intermarriage their blood with natives, whose descendants, the Kekeas, show a light skin, Caucasian facial contour, and freckled faces, yet Captain Cook's is the first European name associated with this new bit of the United States.

About this time our fathers were also interested in transits, and the elements for that of Venus over the sun's disc, on December 9, 1774, were calculated by our own Rittenhouse, of Philadelphia.

Let us look at each of these strains of humanity. While probably the majority of Asiatics in the islands are immigrants from China and Japan, most is the Portuguese, certainly one-half of them, were borne in the Archipelago.

Whence came the Hawaiians? Who shall declare their generation? It is like trying to separate giants in combat, or like riding between the fires of two hostile armies, to attempt decision of such a question.

Other scholars fortify their conclusions that the Hawaiians came from the west or Asia, by arguments drawn from language and the similarity of customs, tools, and household equipments to those in the Malay island world.

than in the nature of the subject of inquiry.

In reality the controversy illustrates the old story of the shield with two sides, for nature seems to point out that both theories are true. The well-mapped ocean world, so long studied by hydrographers, shows clearly that the Hawaiians came from both the west and the east, first from one and then from the other.

Furthermore, the analogies of language and the remarkable basic similarity of personal and household arrangements in the whole island world from the Philippines to the Sitkan and Hawaiian Archipelagoes, show that the North American "Indians," of all sorts and kinds, and the Hawaiians are as closely related to one another as are the various European nations.

A rough glance at their history shows the old story of conquerors and conquered, suggesting that every portion of the earth has been feudalized or its land held in military tenure. Just as the Malays and Japanese lived under forms of feudalism even before any Mendez Pinto or Captain Cook changed the unlettered night of prehistoric times into the dawn of written history, so the Hawaiian had wrought out a feudal system not intrinsically different from that of Medieval Europe.

The victor-giving strengthened his kingdom, died in 1819. Fitty today his statue, in heroic attitude and ancient garb, stands in Honolulu. The Hawaiian symbol of sovereignty was not crown or scepter, sword, mirror, or crystal ball; not almanac or coinage; but a feather cloak made of thousands of "wee modest feathers," tipped with a spot of color, which grew singly on the inner bodies of a species of little birds nearly extinct.

The native Hawaiian is still the most interesting specimen of humanity to be found in the islands. He is a winsome and a happy person, this native Kanaka. He has the genius of good nature. He laughs easily and enjoys life. He troubles not himself about tomorrow, or he takes no thought of it. He is like "our friend the enemy," whose reply to call to work today is, "Mañana."

Mark Twain's inquirer for meteorological variety, who was referred to Connecticut, where he could find one hundred and thirty-three kinds of weather within twenty-four hours would be a bankrupt in Honolulu. In perpetual sunshine, and sulphur waves, on a soil that continually laughs with fruit and food, even without the linking of spots or narrow, the happy Hawaiian has a genius for laziness. He eats and drinks, having learned, like the wren, "to live in the moment, too."

grass but by the millions. No one could ever locate here, or even imagine, a Christmas-tree in these isles, where branches are ever laden with color and delicacies.

Only an occasional hour of work is needed to keep the taro-patch in order. The grass seems to be a permanent bed, inviting to continuous naps, while the flowers, fragrant and beautiful, lure to amusement and decoration. The Kanaka will indeed ride his pony—purchased for what the man in the song found in his inside pocket—to town, and there on the dock or post-office steps, chat over the news by the hour; but hard work has no charm for this son of the sun.

We are not likely to be oppressed financially by our fellow citizens. Hawaii has not yet reared a native millionaire or a shylock. The Kanaka can keep a fruit stand, a fish stall, or a curio shop, but his is not the inheritance of the cunning Jew or the shrewd Yankee. The results of centuries of mercantile training are not in him. Though he makes a delightful servitor behind the counter, it is rare indeed that he is found in the counting-room, or that his name appears in that of a firm known abroad as well as at home.

If, as some German philosophers say, the potato has caused the decadence and proved the ruin of the Irish, so the taro has prevented the development of the Hawaiians. This water-plant, so common in China and Japan, has found its most congenial home in Hawaii. There is no "martyrdom of man," to use Winwood Reade's suggestive phrase, in Hawaiian agriculture. Drop the taro either in the irrigated ditches, anywhere, or even on the uplands, in the moist climate of Hilo, continue to plant at odd times during the year, and one acre will yield enough to sustain eighteen men during twelve months.

Our new fellow citizen finds his chief food in poi. This he makes by cooking, scraping, and pounding taro, waiting for a slight fermentation, adding water and beating into paste, then greased with roast pig (some would hint at in Charles Lamb's "Dissertation") or even with fried fish, he whips a goodly mass around his forefinger, and hoists it into his mouth, without call for fork or spoon. In modern times his house stove very likely consisted of an old kerosene tin, cut out at one side and on the top; but for an open-air feast he uses an oven dug in the earth. In this his pigs, cuts of beef, and the meat food generally, are wrapped up in taro leaves, and the packages, being properly stratified into five or six deeper sandwich, guarded by moistened banana-tree fiber and laid between red-hot stones at the bottom and a top mass of earth, are steamed for two or six hours. This process equals Delmonico's, and beats the revolving spits of our hotels, in bringing out the flavor. Thus the most delicious cookery is done on palm-leafes al fresco.

Nevertheless, the labor for such a feast is severe tax on the Kanaka. It means a spurt. Then comes the inevitable reaction. Fond as he is of drinking and being merry, the Hawaiian is still more fond of recovering weariness by resting long in "sweet doing nothing."

This is true of the majority. There is another side, of course, and a nobler side, but of the minority. It is a serious question, not indeed whether the Hawaiian must, or whether he will go the way of the dodo and the bison; for, besides being dandied in luxury on Mother Nature's lap, he has been worsted in the battle of life by the horrible diseases which the white men brought when they "bade good-bye to God and self-reliance" in the old days before the better influences of Christianity rooted themselves in these isles which waited so long for Christ's law.

It is almost certain that Captain Cook's estimate of 400,000 natives is a gross exaggeration. The number should have been divided by two at least. Yet it is said today to behold so small a survival of the original population.

Where, however, the pure Hawaiians live by themselves with a maximum of the blessings and a minimum of the base brought by civilization, they increase in numbers, as well as in physical strength and intellectual grasp.

Notwithstanding the great missionary success, it is a mistake to suppose that Christianity within two generations can or does extinguish the paganism of centuries. Not a few brutalizing superstitions still remain in the island. Nevertheless, the conversion of the "sandwich islanders" to the religion of Jesus forms one of the shining episodes in the grand story of missionary triumph.

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from the Azores and Madeiras to labor on the plantations. Their capacity for improvement is shown in this, that as soon as the Chinese were imported in the summer of 1865, the Portuguese, especially those born on the islands, turned their hands to the work of skilled mechanics. Most of the public improvements in the archipelago have been wrought by them. They co-operate in most of the social and political measures which are inaugurated by the intelligent men of the community, and are heartily in sympathy with the United States, having thus far used their rights of suffrage intelligently. Their spiritual sustenance is derived through the Roman Catholic Church, which always makes for law and order.

The Chinese began to come in 1865, having been invited, and indeed brought over by the Hawaiian Bureau of Immigration. As it is nearly impossible to get a Chinese woman across the "black waves," these immigrants were all males, and therefore did not improve the social life of the Hawaiians, any more than the white sailors from Christendom. But as in all the Malay and Polynesian world, the son of a Chinese father is a decided improvement on his insular mother's stock, usually remembering his paternal rather than his maternal ancestors.

The Chinese takes to labor naturally. He knows how to replenish the earth and subdue it. He has the hereditary virtues of thrift, patience and industry. In Hawaii he has control of much rich land once held by natives. Now we see the rice fields and taro-patches, truck farms and poultry-yards everywhere worked by the Chinese, and that many of these farmers and mechanics from the Flower Land have become rich. Indeed, it is almost impossible even for so-called Christian civilization to stand against the competition of the Chinaman. Hence the old story is told again. The invitation, once given in need, is withdrawn and the barrier set up. Since 1896 no Chinaman need or can come to Hawaii.

"Everlasting Great Japan," which in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and early seventeenth centuries sent her sons as pirates, traders, travelers and immigrants all over eastern Asia from Saghalin to Buenos to India, altered her policy in a hurry when to the Portuguese was added the Spaniard. From 1637 to 1686 she merely excluded the foreigner and rigidly included her own people. When by the co-operation of forces within and without, Japan became the Mikado's Empire in fact as well as in name, the new Japanese of the Dispersions began to number thousands. Yet those in Hawaii were not approved or recognized by the Tokio government until 1884, after which date they began to emigrate in numbers that brightened both natives and white men in Hawaii, who, instead of the quiet rustic and polished gentlemen whom they had thus far seen, beheld an obstinate ignorant, and altogether unwelcome class from the back-country parts and worst areas in the Japanese cities. Later on there was some improvement in the quality of these little brown men—so distinctly inferior to the Chinese in size, but so much more self-assertive and quarrelsome. When it was found that there had come upon Hawaiian soil an

army of 20,000 "Japs," among whom, as it seemed impossible to doubt, were many ex-soldiers, there was genuine alarm. When, further, the Imperial government took interest in their presence and sent men-of-war to the island to look after the sons of Nippon, there was consternation among the Americans, who were dearly hoping, yet with fear, to see what we now behold. When, further, these annexationists contrasted the splendid modern steel cruiser Naniwa with the antiquated wooden war ships of the United States, they feared that between the increasing emigration and the political ambition of the Japanese, Hawaii was certain to become a portion of Dai Nippon. Indeed, after whipping the Chinese and ripping open the colossus of China for European aggression, the average Japanese abroad was not excessively modest. This fear of Japan was not allayed when Hawaii became a republic. It seemed imperative that wise regulative measures should not be counteracted by Japanese craft and unscrupulousness. The annexationists beat the big drum rather noisily and strained their throats.

The World's Sugar Crop. The sugar crop of the world amounts in a normal year to about 8,000,000 tons, of which the larger part, about 4,500,000 tons, comes from beets, and the remainder, 3,500,000 tons, from sugar cane. Of the latter the largest proportion comes from the West Indies, and a large amount from the island of Java.

Saw, Red, White and Blue in the Sky From the St. Louis Republic: Nevada, Mo.—About noon today the southeastern heavens presented the sublime spectacle of three distinct bands of brilliant colors extended from the meridian to the horizon, one red, one blue, and one white, phenomenal, but exact, reproductions of the national colors. Hundreds of people noticed the somewhat startling spectacle. It was simply the flag painted in the sky. It was not a rainbow, though doubtless produced from similar causes.

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To Our Heroes. This war is for no selfish motive, But to free down-trodden Cuba, From the cruel Spanish reign.

We are on the side of justice, God is always with the right, We'll replace our fallen knight, 'Till we crush the Spanish reign.

We have won two brilliant victories, Yankee soldiers seldom fall, Yankee ships can ride the billows 'neath the Spanish linden hall.

Spanish naval power is broken, Thanks to Dewey, Sampson, Schley, And the noble crews that helped them Sweep the Spanish fleets away.

When the Spanish at Manila, To the hills for life had fled, See our grand and noble Dewey Gather up the Spanish dead.

Lay them gently in the trenches, Look at them with moistened eyes, Cover them with noble soldiers, And from the Nan-Shan bring supplies.

We must care for all these wounded, Guard them well both day and night, That no evil bug may harm them, That their sufferings may be light.

See our gallant Captain Wainwright, Save Cervera and his crew, Then behold in Shafter's arms, What those Spanish do.

See them about our wounded soldiers As they're being borne away, God-Almighty hath the vengeance, And for this he will repay.

We can fight for countless ages, Hark ye nations watch and see That we'll never stop this warfare, 'Till Cuba shall be free.

Spend August in the Black Hills. Go first to Hot Springs. There you can bathe, ride, bicycle, climb mountains, dance and play tennis to your heart's content. If your limbs are stiff, your kidneys out of order or if you are troubled with exema or any other form of skin disease, a month at Hot Springs will make a new man of you.